A BIG PILGRIMAGE.

TO EBBSFLEET, WHERE ST. AUGUSTINE LANDED.

A Chapter from the History of Early Saxon Christianity—The Mission of St. Augustine to England and Its Wonderful Result—Their St. Patrick.

(Special Letter.)

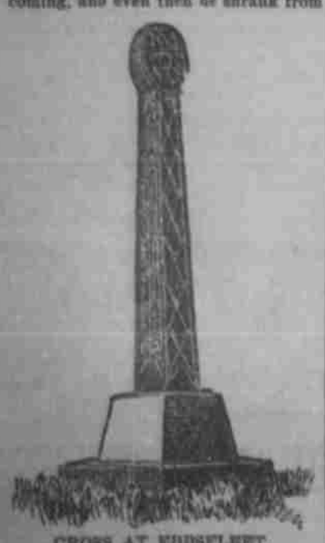
NOT the least interesting feature in the programme of the recent Great Pan Anglican meeting, England, at which over one hundred American and colonial Bishops were present, was a pilgrimage to Ebbsfleet where St. Augustine first landed in England and Ebbsfleet is thus described: Half way between Minster and Ramsgate, in the Isle of Thanet, the traveler may chance to notice a tall stone cross standing at the corner of a field, not far from a grove of guarled old elms. An inquiry of his fellow-passengers will probably elicit the vague information that "Somebody landed there;" but it is quite a chance whether any one will know that the "somebody" was St. Augustine, and that the cross marks the beginning of the Church of England, as at present existing.

The scenery has changed since 597. Then, though the chalk cliffs of Ramsgate made a white line on one side as they still do, Pegwell Bay was all water, and the estuary of the Stour, and the wide tidal channel called the Wantsum, which made Thanet a real island, was not silted up, but was the usual waterway for ships bound to London, which thus avoided the dangerous North Foreland. Now the greater part of the estuary has become solid land, and grassy fields stretch down to the shallow and ever-receding sea.

Augustine brought Christianity to the English, but not to Britain, as the ruins of several Roman churches prove. St. Martin's at Canterbury, and St. Mary's in Dover Castle, both date back to Roman time, and there was very probably some kind of a chapel at Richborough. But the wild Saxons worshipped Odin and Thor, and as they conquered the country drove the British Christians farther and farther west, till they found a resting-place in the mountains of Wales, or sailed across St. George's Channel to find refuge in Ireland.

Hengist and Horsa are supposed to have landed in Thanet, very possibly at Ebbsfleet, which would be the most obvious landing place for any one entering the bay. There are no cliffs here, but gently rising ground, and Richborough Castle on the mainland is in full view, so that strange arrivals would be safe from surprise. If the Saxon chiefs brought the race which was to rule England and conquer half the world, the Italian monk brought learning, civilization, and Christianity, the forces that were to strengthen the wild iron of the Saxon invaders, and to turn it into the polished steel of the modern world.

The story of Pope Gregory and the English slave-boys, "not Angles, but angels," is known to every one, but it was not till ten years after that scene in the Roman slave market that the way was opened for St. Augustine's coming, and even then he shrank from the dangerous journey and from the wild warriors of England, and twice implored Gregory to let him return. But Gregory stood firm, and bade Augustine go forward, trusting to God, and win the new country to the Church.



CROSS AT EBBSFLEET.

Richborough had been the Roman fort and garrison town, and was probably still the usual landing-place, as it protected the Roman road to Canterbury; but Augustine preferred a safe position on the island of Thanet, until he knew how the Kentish king would receive him. But the king was willing to give the monks their opportunity. Ethelbert had married a French Christian princess, who had probably smoothed the way for the missionaries; and though he feared to meet Augustine under a roof, lest enchantment should trouble him, he was willing enough to have an interview with him in the open air. According to Dean Stanley, the meeting between Augustine and Ethelbert took place in Thanet, possibly near Ebbsfleet, though more probably under an oak which grew in the centre of the island. Here the monk, speaking through an interpreter, explained his mission to the king, who gave him permission to teach and preach, and make converts. If he could. It is likely that it was Queen Bertha's influence which made her husband so ready to listen to Christianity, and after that interview the way was clear for the missionaries. They were allowed to go to Canterbury, where lodgings were provided for them, and where the tiny church of St. Martin outside the walls served them for a place of worship. Before very long the king was converted and baptized, and before the year was out his example was followed by some 10,000 of his warriors. Ebbsfleet was only a halting place, and the story soon moves on to more populous places; but the rock on which St. Augustine first set foot was long preserved and venerated. But while Canterbury was the seat of the archbishopric, and while the two great monasteries of Christ Church and St. Peter and St. Paul, generally known as St. Augustine's, were growing grander and better every year, the landing-place was so nearly forgotten that the rock was called St. Mildred's Rock, after a popular royal saint. A little chapel was built over it, and it became a place for pilgrimage, and retained its later name till the end of last century. By that time the chapel had disappeared and the place was marked by a very old tree; but it remained for our generation to raise a lasting monument on the spot, which must be of deep interest to every English Churchman.

A tall Iona cross, with figures in relief, was erected in 1884. On the side facing the sea are medallions of the Virgin and Child standing on a curiously twisted serpent, of the Crucifixion and Transfiguration, as well as various figures of saints and angels. On the other side are more single figures, some apostles, others the local saints, and the two sides are decorated in the same style.

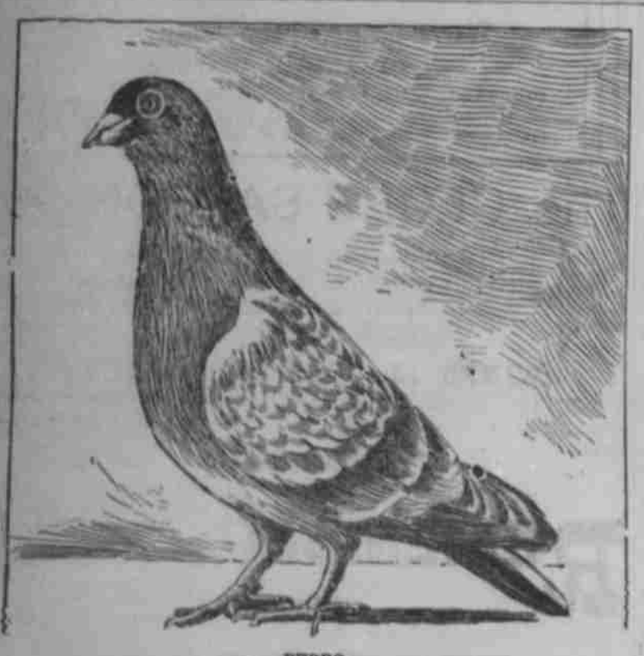
The Bishop of Stepney has told us the state of affairs when St. Augustine landed in 597. The general position of the several races in this island in regard to Christianity was roughly as follows: The Britons, who had been Christians for a long time, certainly 400 years, and probably in some parts of the island a good deal more than that, had been driven out of the eastern and central parts of what is now called England, and occupied the southwest, west, and northwest. Tradition makes the British Bishops of London and York among the last to fly westward, and places the date of their flight a very few years before Augustine's arrival. It is certain that Wilfrith was able, in or about the year 675, to identify the sacred sites in West Yorkshire deserted by the Britons when they fled before the sword of the Angles. There is no evidence that the Britons at any time took any part in Christianizing the English invaders; the evidence is all the other way. The English were Pagan in all parts which they occupied. But when Augustine came to Kent he found Christianity known and practiced in the capital city. The king had had for years a Christian queen, the daughter of the Frankish king at Paris, and the queen had had a Christian Bishop performing Christian services for her in a church preserved from British times. Thus the first seed of the conversion of the English was sown by the Church of Gaul. Further, the Kentish men had made application to Gaul for a supply of Christian teachers, but their appeals had been neglected. Things were certainly ripe for a general change of religion, and it came rapidly.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Pedro an Indiana Flyer Has Quite a Reputation.

(Mishawaka, Ind., Letter.)

Pedro, the great homing pigeon which broke the world's record for 1,000 miles in his swift journey in the air from New Orleans to this city, is the pride of the Mishawaka Homing Club. Pedro's superb race was made in seventy-five hours total, or in less than fifty hours of actual flying. Carrier pigeons never work after dark. Thus far in the schedule of races for 1897 the local homers have made remarkable records, and the club was tempted to try for the 1,000-mile mark. The birds were liberated at New Orleans at 9 o'clock on Monday morning by N. T. Brown, general manager of the American Express company, from the third-story window of the company's building at St. Charles and Union streets. A red-checkered bird was the first to get the points of the compass and disappear before the eyes of the 500 persons who had gathered to see the start. Eight other pigeons followed. Pedro, which was the first to arrive home, is a pretty red pigeon, and is unquestionably the bird that was the first away in the start from the window in New Orleans. He is three years old and is owned by Secretary Tallens of the club. Pedro is a brother of Lulu, the winner of the 500-mile race in Mississippi. Both are imported birds. When Pedro arrived at Mishawaka he flew straight to his loft, seeming none the worse for the journey.



PEDRO.

A RICH MAN'S START

He Got Another Party's $200, and That Proved the Entering Wedge.

"I made most of my money by hard knocks," declared the old Detroiter who has no financial troubles even in these dubious times, "but I once made some very easy money just when I was sorely in need of it.

"I had managed to buy a little stretch of lake shore with the idea of disposing of it as a summer resort. No one was looking for that kind of an investment and I had a dead duck on my hands. I happened down there just at the breaking up of winter, when I had nothing else to do and no money to do it with if I had. There was a big raft of logs tied up at my beach and it had been there since the late fall; at least, that is the view I took of the situation. It was a bold violation of private rights. How had they dared to thus invade my premises without my permission? I learned who the owners were in the east and sent them a bill of $300 for dockage. Their reply came through a representative, who wanted me to settle for a trifle, but I would hear to nothing but the full amount. There was a principle involved that I would not sacrifice. He left with the threat that I would never get a dollar.

"I bribed the man in charge of the raft to notify me when it was to be moved, and as soon as I heard from him I had the sheriff there to make a levy. I had a check for $300 as soon as it could be got to me. It proved the thin edge of the wedge with which I entered into the business that made me rich. Six weeks later I discovered that the raft had not been on my land at all. It was 40 feet beyond my line. But what could I do, with my money tied up in an investment? So I said nothing."

An Italian Solomon.

The Duke of Ossone, while Viceroy of Naples, delivered many quaint and clever judgments. The case is related where a young Spanish exquisite named Bertrand Solus, while lounging around in the busy part of the city, was run against by a porter carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder. The porter had called out, "Make way, please!" several times, but without effect. He had then tried to get by without collision, but his bundle caught in the young man's velvet dress and tore it. Solus was highly indignant, and had the porter arrested. The viceroy, who had privately investigated the matter, told the porter to pretend he was dumb, and at the trial to reply by signs to any question that might be put to him. When the case came on and Solus had made his complaint, the viceroy turned to the porter and asked him what he had to say in reply. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands. "What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?" asked the viceroy. "Oh, your excellency," replied Solus, falling into the trap, "the man is an impostor. I assure you he is not dumb. Before he ran into me I distinctly heard him cry out, 'Make way.'" "Then," said the viceroy, sternly, "if you heard him ask you to make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the accident was entirely with yourself, and you must give this poor man compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here."

Two Acres Enough for Belgium.

What many an American farmer fails to do on one hundred acres, the thrifty Hollander in Belgium easily does on two acres, namely, support a large family and lay by something for a rainy day. He does it by making the most of every inch, by heavy manuring, allowing no waste places. His two acres are surrounded by a ditch of running water. The typical two-acre Belgium farm contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley. Another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all around on the sloping sides of the ditches with a row of onions just inside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce. He keeps pigs and chickens. We refer to this as illustrating the possibilities of land production. In Belgium 6,000,000 people, chiefly farmers, live on a piece of land the size of the state of Maryland. They furnish an object lesson on successful intensive farming.

Spruce Trees Giving Out.

Spruce trees are the raw material of wood pulp, and consequently of a large proportion of the paper used in the printing trade. According to estimates recently given out by the Forestry Department at Washington there is only six years' supply of coniferous woods in sight if the present rate of consumption is kept up, says the New York Times. Dealers in wood pulp are somewhat skeptical regarding this statement, although they admit the increasing scarcity of spruce in this country. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of untouched spruce forests in Canada, however, and the Canadian lumbermen are contemplating with no small degree of interest the prospects of a spruce famine in the United States.

The Stormy Petrel.

A bird of immense wing power is the tiny stormy petrel; it belongs to every sea, and although so frail (apparently), it breasts the utmost fury of the storm. Skimming with incredible velocity the troughs of the waves and gliding rapidly over their snowy crests, petrels have been observed 2,000 miles from nearest land.

IS DRIVEN BY FANS.

INVENTION FOR A BALLOON FLYING MACHINE.

Experiments a Success—In the Car Attached to the Balloon is an Engine Fed with Petroleum, Which Supplies the Motive Power.

CHARLES E. HITE, of this city, has invented a balloon which he claims he will be able to direct and drive through the air by means of two fans operated by a motor.

Mr. Hite is a well-known scientist. In 1892 he accompanied the Peary relief expedition on the steamship Kite, making valuable researches in the Arctic regions. In 1895 he went to Central America to collect material for the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania. Altogether, he has taken part in or directed over a dozen different expeditions, covering the continent from Greenland to South America. He has conducted two Labrador expeditions for the purpose of studying the Esquimaux, and has made many explorations and geological surveys.

One year ago, Mr. Hite, while toying with a bit of paper, had suggested to him the idea of aerial navigation. This was the inception of his "dirigible balloon," on the plans of which, now protected by patent, he has been working ever since. In description this peculiar airship is nothing more than a balloon large enough to carry a pair of small but powerful steam engines capable of driving a pair of fans. Mr. Hite has worked along independent lines in the planning of his balloon, and it is significant of the feasibility of his project that the only other airship resembling his, which has given any practical demonstration of sustained flight, is that of Carl Meyers, flown successfully at the Nashville Exposition. Although dissimilar in detail, the two machines are propelled on practically the same principle, the only difference being the motive power, which in Meyer's is a single fan propelled by a man, and in Hite's two high-speed fans actuated by turbines. The aerodrome, Mr. Hite considers a fragile toy, capable of no useful application, and only demonstrating the ability of a man to construct a flying machine on the principle of a bird's wing, but subserving no useful end after all. Properly speaking, Mr. Hite's contrivance is not a flying machine, the problem he is dealing with being one of aerial locomotion rather than of aerial suspension; and it is here that the simplicity of his scheme is apparent.

It being evident that a balloon of large size could be made to support a considerable weight, the first care of the inventor was to devise an engine large enough to furnish the requisite motive power. To this end Mr. Hite made a small apparatus of paper for experimental purposes, somewhat resembling a rocket. By blowing at the end of the flexible paper tube connected with this rocket-like affair, the air coming from the narrow end of the cylinder gave it a pronounced forward swing. The inventor then proceeded to the next step, which was the building of a small experimental car, fitted at either end with pasteboard cones, corresponding to the two respective ends of the rocket. The frame of the car was aluminum, and its lower body contained a one-half horse-power electric motor, geared to a four-bladed rotary fan by a round belt. A stout wire was stretched across the room in which the experiments were about to be conducted, and the car was suspended from two traveling pulleys. Wires from a storage battery were attached to the motor, and Mr. Hite turned on the rheostat. The fan began to revolve rapidly, and the machine quickly traversed the length of the apartment. Not thoroughly satisfied with this performance, and in order to test the capabilities of the fan to its utmost, he loaded the framework of the machine with three heavy Winchester rifles and turned on the current again; apparently there was no diminution whatever in the speed of the car, and that, too, while running over a wire not perfectly taut, and dragging the two flexible feed wires of the storage battery in addition.

An exhibition of the efficiency of the model was given before Professor Arthur Goodspeed, professor of physics at the University of Pennsylvania, who considered the application of power a correct principle, and commended the ingenuity of the idea. A large number of scientific men who saw the model working were all enthusiastic in its praise, among them being Professor King, the aeronaut, who heartily indorsed the general plan, and said that he looked upon it as practicable.

Of course these experiments are by no means new, and Mr. Hite merely performed them to convince the incredulous and make assurance doubly sure. It should be understood that there was no attempt to make the machine fly, that feat not entering into the demonstration, but being left to the lifting power of the balloon. The secret of the great pushing force developed by the fan lay in the cylindrical casing by which it was inclosed. The casing in question is the invention on which the balloonist bases his patent claim, for by its use the current of air made by the fan impinges itself directly on the outer atmosphere with great force, obviating a loss of air at the sides.

The car is suspended by harness from a netting identical with the netting of an ordinary balloon, and is guyed fore and aft to prevent oscillation, although there could be little danger of that, as the car is drawn up tightly against the body of the balloon. The car itself is made of the best steel bicycle tubing, and from its upper lateral extremities extend the two spider-web frameworks. These frames are attached rigidly to the car, so that vibration is impossible, each one supporting a steam motor acting directly on the axle of a fan. The engines are a French invention, and the kind to be used in the dirigible balloon are capable of developing seventeen and one-half horse-power apiece, although little larger than a bucket. Engine and fan are enclosed in the cylindrical box seen on the side of the balloon; the rectangular piece of metal at the extremity of the cylinder is a rudder, which, by directing the draught of the air current, regulates the course of the ship. The steering can also be done by using one fan independent of the other. Five feet is the diameter of the fans, and they are made by the most celebrated fan blower concern in the country.

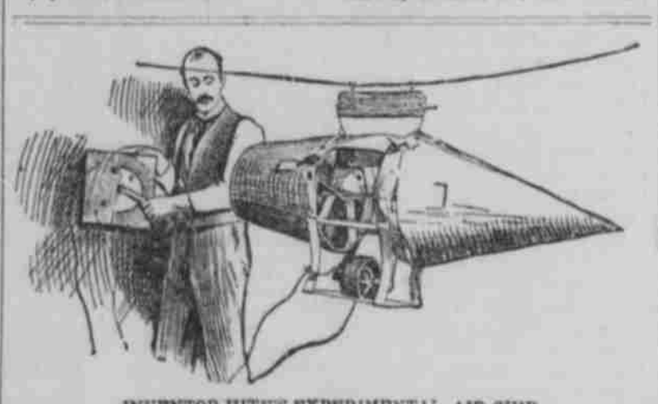
In the center of the car is the boiler, a small contrivance, also French, such as is being used abroad for self-propelling carriages. The fuel burned is petroleum and the engines are condensing, thereby necessitating only a small water supply. It is estimated that the weight of engines, boiler, water and fuel combined will be within 700 pounds, certainly a marvel of lightness from which to obtain thirty-five horse-power.

The fans and framework weigh 370 pounds, and the balloon and net will come up to about 150, thus making a total of 700 pounds. The balloon is 20 feet in diameter by 64 feet long, having at these figures a capacity of 20,000 cubic feet of gas. As one cubic foot of hydrogen lifts one ounce averdupois, the balloon when fully inflated may be expected to exert a lifting capacity of 1,200 pounds, which leaves a balance of 600 pounds surplus weight to be utilized by the aeronaut, his food supply and the ordinary tackle and instruments carried in a balloon. The old method of sand ballast will be done away with, as the balloon can be made to seek a higher or lower level, according to the amount of gas pumped up from reservoirs contained in the car. The reservoirs consist of a flooring of pipes made into a false bottom, in which compressed hydrogen is placed. By means of a thermo-hydrogen device, the amount of hydrogen in the balloon is increased or decreased at will through a residue of expansive element in the boiler. By this method the usual escape of hydrogen, which is the most expensive consideration in ballooning, will be prevented, and the balloon be dropped or raised into different air currents by altering the density and thereby the lifting power of the gas. A drag rope and anchor will form a part of the extra paraphernalia, and also a light staysail on the under forepart of the balloon to give greater stability in navigating against winds.

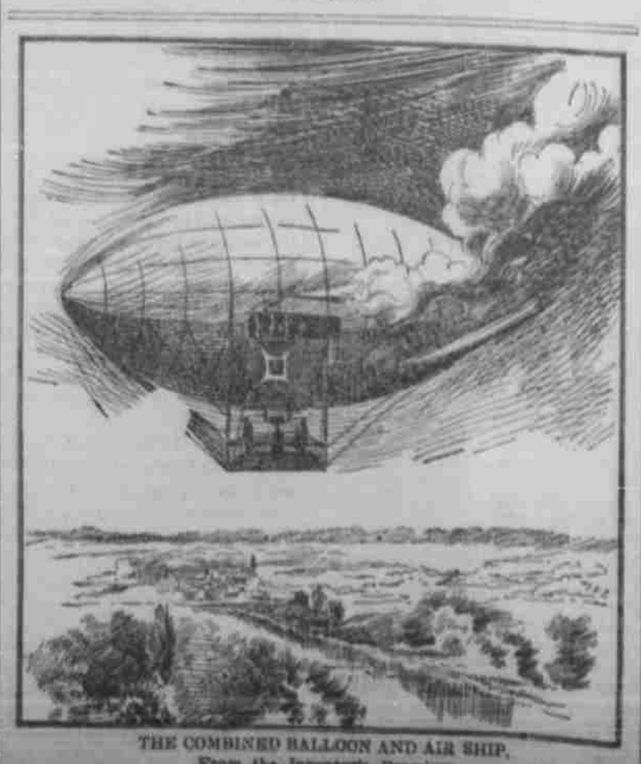
It is expected that the dirigible balloon will make about twenty miles an hour in a still atmosphere, and will have a steaming radius of 500 miles at an average speed of ten miles an hour. The ends of the balloon are cleverly reinforced by stays of bamboo, so that they will hold their shape when subjected to the pressure of air, it being an impossibility to inflate an angle with gas.

Mr. Hite is at present getting up the working drawings of this most unique airship. When asked why he placed the propellers at the side instead of at the stern, he explained that if they were put in the rear the motion of such a large body through the air would rob the fans of their working medium by creating a vacuum.

He believes that the self-propelling balloon will figure largely in the warfare of the future, contemporaneously with the submarine boat, whose development it very closely resembles. Aside from a bellicose application, however, he is confident that it can be made an instrument for limited transportation into regions otherwise inaccessible. Several of the European governments, Germany in particular, are paying great attention to ballooning tactics with relation to warfare, and there is in this country a standing offer of $100,000, made by congress several years ago, for the man who should successfully solve the problem of aerial navigation.



INVENTOR HITE'S EXPERIMENTAL AIR SHIP.



THE COMBINED BALLOON AND AIR SHIP.
From the Inventor's Draw.

Expurgated.

Mother—What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe? Innocent—Shall I leave out the wicked words, mamma? Mother—Certainly, Innocent—Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mamma.

The Brute!

Wife—We have been married twelve years, and not once in that time have I missed baking you a cake for your birthday. Have I dear? Hubby—No, my pet. I can look back upon those cakes as milestones in my life.

ABOUT MEASUREMENTS.

The crown octavo page is 7½x4½ inches.

Type are slightly less than 1 inch in length.

The American mole is about 6 inches in length.

The double eagle, in gold, is 1 7-20ths of an inch.

A royal folio volume has a page 9x12 inches.

A cable, in nautical parlance, means 120 fathoms.

The duodecimo page measures 7x4 inches wide.

The half-dollar is 1 3-16 of an inch in diameter.

A demy 24 mo. page is 5 inches long by 2⅝ wide.

A 10-foot bin or 10 feet square holds 22.74 barrels.

The common garter snake is from 11 inches to 3 feet.

The 5-cent nickel is exactly ¾ of an inch in diameter.

A 1-cent bronze piece is ¾ of an inch in diameter.

The average waist of a woman is from 22 to 23 inches.

A box 5x5 feet holds 3.92 barrels, a 6-foot box 8.53 barrels.

A railroad passenger coach is from 50 to 70 feet in length.

The foolscap octavo page is 7 inches long by 4 inches in width.

The ordinary blacksnake, or racer, is from 5 to 7 feet in length.

One hundred drops from a medicine dropper makes one spoonful.

The wasp is about an inch in length, with a wing spread of 1¾ inches.

The incisor teeth of man are seldom more than ½ of an inch long.

The old-fashion copper, or 1-cent piece, was a little more than an inch.

The wolf is from 2½ to 3 feet in length and stands about 18 inches high.

A box 23x15 and 24 inches deep contains a barrel of three heaped bushels.

The body of the ordinary antelope is 3¼ feet long, exclusive of head and neck.

The common dromedary is from 6 to 7 feet long and from 5 to 6 feet in height.

The rattlesnake is from 3 to 6 feet long and his rattles are from 1 to 4 inches.

The hyena is about the size of an ordinary Newfoundland dog, from 3 to 3½ feet.

Umbrellas are sized according to the length of rib, this varying from 24 to 28 inches.

The regulation length for lead pencils is 7 inches and ⅜ of an inch in thickness.

Thimbles are from ⅝ to 1 inch high. A size in thimbles is about ⅛ of an inch.

The animal that has given a nickname to the people of Wisconsin is 2½ feet long.

The lion, though he stands no higher than a large mastiff, is from 6 to 8 feet in length.

Canes vary in height, according to the size of the individual using them, from 33 to 36 inches.

The average raccoon is about 18 inches in length, though specimens 3 feet long are frequent.

The Brooklyn bridge gives employment to a permanent force of 773 men and women, or whom ninety-five are policemen and 216 in the train department.

A DREADFUL NIGHT.

THREE MEN ON RAGGED EDGE OF NOTHING.

Several Hours Passed on a Cliff With a Terrible Death in Prospect Every Second—Rolling Bowlders Flashing By.

AS an illustration of the discomfort of a position "on the ragged edge of nothing," the following story, from "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," is excellent. The author of the work, E. A. Fitz Gerald, F. R. G. S., his guide, Zurbriggen, and Mr. Harper, were surprised by darkness in a position where it was impossible for them to advance. As it was equally impossible for them to spend the night where they were, hanging to narrow ledges of rock covered with thin ice, they were obliged to retrace their steps—a slow and painful process. At last they reached a spot that might answer their purpose—a ledge some fourteen feet long and eighteen inches broad, on which the three men could just manage to sit.

It seemed to us as sheltered a place as any upon the slope, but should there be any great fall of stones in the night, I feared that we should have but a small chance of escape. No sooner had we seated ourselves than we heard the ominous whiz of falling stones. This was but the commencement of a cannonade that was kept up at intervals throughout the night. The rocks flew past us so close that at times we could almost feel the wind on our faces. We never dared so much as to close an eye all night for fear of slipping into the abyss below.

The cold became intense, the thermometer dropping twenty-five degrees, and as most of our garments had been soaked in wading through the melting snow, they froze hard.

Harper took off his boots and placed his feet in his knapsack, so that, had he fallen, he could not possibly have recovered himself. Zurbriggen also took off his boots and sat upon them to keep them warm for the morning, lest they should be frozen, and he should find himself unable to get into them again.

We did our best to keep up our spirits by singing songs, the most appropriate of which seemed to be, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

There was no moon, and the night was intensely dark, though the weather was clear, while the slight breezes from the southwest seemed to chill us to the bone. After midnight we gradually fell silent, and did not even talk, while Harper dozed for a moment or two and nearly tumbled off. I had to catch hold of him and retain my grip till he could regain his balance. It then occurred to us that if we spread one of the pieces of mackintosh sheeting over our heads and lighted some candles beneath it, we should be warmer.

We found the plan successful, and kept on lighting candles, so that we could warm our fingers at them and still remain seated in our cramped position. Luckily we had an ample supply, and could continue to burn them till the dawn began to appear. It seemed to us as if we had been seated for weeks on this ridge; and when at last it became light enough for us to move, we were so stiff that it was with difficulty that we gained our feet. We now began making preparations for departure. The rope was like an iron bar, and our frozen clothes would not give to our motion. Harper's boots were frozen so stiff that he was obliged to cut them open and burn innumerable candle-ends inside of them before he succeeded in getting them on. I had kept mine on all night, as I knew how much trouble I should have in putting them on again in the morning if I took them off. Zurbriggen, however, was the very best of us all, for his scheme of sitting on his boots and warming them had worked most admirably, though during the night he complained several times that the nails in them were rather hard.

We were extremely stiff, all of us, and for some distance literally limped along. However, when the sun rose it gradually thawed us, and we were able to make better time.

A Lucky Klondyke Woman.

Luck, like lightning, strikes in curious places. It is so in the Klondyke. Mrs. J. T. Willis was less than three months ago a poor washwoman, living in Dawson City. She set out alone for the gold fields of the frozen north from Tacoma, Wash., about two years ago. She was not successful in her prospecting, but she managed to make a fair living as a laundry woman in Dawson City. When the news of the Klondyke discoveries of gold reached that place she joined a party of cattlemen and went at once to the new diggings. She staked out a claim as soon as she got there, and it turned out to be a good one. She is now worth at least $250,000. Mrs. Willis has a husband living in Tacoma. He is a blacksmith and a great sufferer from rheumatism. It was his inability to work that caused her to start out for the gold-mining country, resolved to return rich or not at all. Incidentally she has the fame of introducing the first "boiled shirt" among the Yukon miners. She paid $2.50 for a box of starch with which she starched it and paid $4 a day and board to the Indian squaw who was her first assistant in the laundry.

Frisky Bristol Folk.

Cyclists of Bristol, Pa., are incensed over the regulations which prohibit a wheelman of over 90 from mounting from the pedal and a wheelwoman of over 16 from doing fancy riding on the public highway. There is quite a frisky crowd at Bristol from all indications.

The Usual Way.

Grief over the death of her husband caused a Chicago widow of 22 to drink carbolic acid. Her condition is not serious and she will probably be married again within six months.